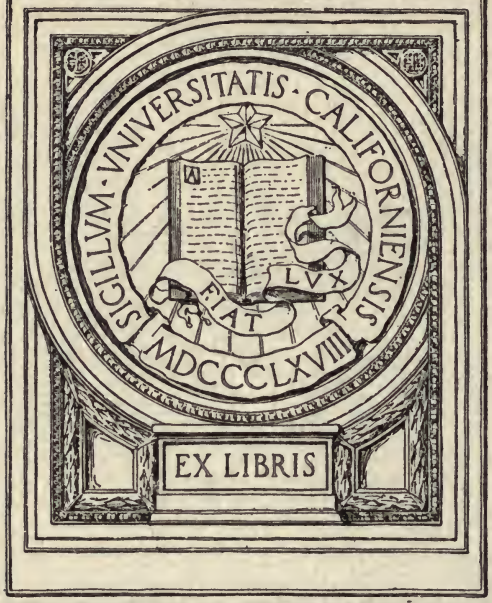
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The Poems of
DIGBY MACKWORTH DOLBEN

edited by

ROBERT BRIDGES

Henry Frowde
Oxford University Press
London, New York, Toronto and Melbourne
1911

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A special English edition of these poems, accompanied by a memoir, pp. cxi, with two portraits and two other illustrations and notes, will shortly be published (price 10s. net) by Mr. Frowde

VARIANT READINGS IN DOLBEN'S POEMS

An Account of these, and notice of

ERRATA in the MEMOIR

by R. B. Oct. 1912

This sheet to be sold with the book, and to be sent to any previous purchaser, on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope, by Mr. Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, Amen Corner, London, E.C.

MEMOIR

p. lxvi, l. 2. *Pritchard.* The name of Constantine Prichard is spelt wrongly throughout the memoir.

p. xlvii note. Mr. Bartle Hack, the Vicar of St. Thomas' Church, Oxford, informs me that 'the Prodigal's Introit' was published in the Union Review, vol. ii, 1864, p. 322, and 'the Prodigal's Benediction' p. 430, both signed P. P. P. O. Also the poem described on p. lvii appears in volume iii, p. 234, under the title 'Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini'. And 'Vocation' at p. 577; and No. 18 in vol. iv, p. 109; and No. 25 at p. 666. These are signed 'Dominic O. S. B. ii.' I have compared the unimportant variants of these editings, and do not think them worth recording here.

p. liv, third line from foot, *Tell* should be *Sing*.

p. xci, l. 14. *was established.* This is wrong. Father Ignatius did not go to Llanthony until after this date; which accounts for Dolben not having mentioned him in connection with his time at Boughrood.

p. 122, in the note to poem 10, the word *fruit* is misprinted for *frail*.

POEMS

I stated on p. 118 that all the poems, except Nos. 46, 48 and 50, were edited from original MSS. Mr. Humphrey Paul has found original copies of 46 and 50, so that only No. 48 is now missing. He tells me that the MS. of 50 agrees absolutely with the printed text. With No. 46 I will deal later. He also found other copies of No. 49. One, which he calls 'an obviously later MS.', contains *Godis* (*sic*) in l. 28, and *through* for *in* at line 30: and in line 39 *whither draw* is written for *where mount*, and in lines 53 and 54 *lift* and *perfect* are written for *bring* and *joyous*. I think that these leave the text in the book as the most acceptable.

Lord Esher has very kindly sent me all the variants in his copies of six poems, 'made in Wm. Johnson's [Cory's] pupil-room three years after Dolben's death.' Variants occur in five poems thus:

No. 4, p.	11, l.	10.	*violets*	for	*skies were.*
	13.	1.	*glorious*	,,	*glowing.*
		10.	*Gentle*	,,	*Turtle.*
		18.	*light*	,,	*bright.*
	14.	5.	omits *never.*		
		6.	*on*	for	*upon.*
	15.	4.	*He*	,,	*you.*
		19.	*truer*	,,	*clearer.*
No. 9.	23.	1.	*penny*	,,	*puny.*
		4.	*brink*	,,	*breast.*
		5.	*be*	,,	*lie.*
No. 30.	60.	16.	*touch*	,,	*kiss.*
No. 41.	81.	4.	*portals*	,,	*pavement.*
No. 46.	99.	9.	*heaven*	,,	*hope.*
		11.	*I know not only* for *we see them not but.*		

With the exception of those in No. 46, which will be considered later, all these variants are to be discarded as corruptions on the authority both of the original MSS. and of Miss Dolben's copy. But it is *very* surprising that Wm. Cory should have made an inaccurate copy of poems that he thought worth copying; nor is there any simple account of his mistakes, for some of them look as if he was relying on his memory, some as if he misread the original, as where he writes *penny* for the peculiarly correct word *puny*, some as if he were consciously amending. Their evidence (purposely excluding No. 46) shows Cory's copies to be wholly unreliable, and I have only given his variants in full that they may discredit themselves and cause no further trouble.

Mr. Heneage Wynne Finch has very early copies of poems 45 and 46. In 45 the words are in a different order, thus: *Living I drew thee from the vale, To climb Parnassus' height with me. Dying, I etc.* Such a variation would arise very naturally, and many persons would prefer it to the intentional severity of the inversions in the original. And in 46, (which I will now deal with, italicising the variants,) he reads the final stanza thus,

There may be hope above
  There may be rest beneath
I know not—only Love
  Is palpable—and death.

Lord Esher's copy has this

There may be *heaven* above,
  There may be rest beneath;
I know not—only Death
  Is palpable—and Love.

In the discovered original MS. the stanza is

There may be hope above
There may be rest beneath,
We know not—only Death
Is palpable—and Love.

In Miss Dolben's copy (which is the text in the book) it is

There may be hope above,
There may be rest beneath—
We see them not—but Death
Is palpable— . . . and Love.

In editing this last I merely got rid of some of the author's dashes, as I explained on p. 118 of my book: and this is a good example of them.

It might seem that the discovery of an original MS. must finally decide the reading of this stanza: but the matter is not so simple. My published text of the poems was all printed from the pages of a copy of the poems which was made by Miss Dolben as they came to her; and, except that in one place she wrote *veil* for *vale*, there was, I believe, absolutely no single inaccuracy of any kind in the whole of her copy; and this statement has now to be extended to the long poem No. 50. Hence it must be assumed, on merely external evidence, (confirmed by the quality of her version,) that her copy of No. 46 was a faithful copy of the poem at some stage. We have therefore two original versions to deal with.

We gladly dismiss Wm. Cory's *heaven* for *hope* with the rest of his corruptions. Also the *I* for *We* in the last line but one must go, having the two original authorities against it. The transposition of *death* and *love* is plainly a mistake.

The only doubt then is whether we should read *we know not only*, or *we see them not but*. I find that the first of these is the one more generally known and preferred: but in other cases also holders of Johnsonian copies prefer the readings to which they are accustomed.

The copy in Dolben's handwriting is headed *Ad quendam*, whereas his sister's copy has *A Song*: and this change of title together with the quality of the variants in her copy, which are in the nature of correction, make a strong case for judging Miss Dolben's version to be the later; and this is confirmed by her not having corrected it, since she must have known the other version. I do not hold that the later is necessarily the better version: but I am glad to have reduced all the variants to this one. R. B.

POEMS

I

HOMO FACTUS EST

COME to me, Belovèd,
Babe of Bethlehem;
Lay aside Thy Sceptre
And Thy Diadem.

Come to me, Belovèd;
Light and healing bring;
Hide my sin and sorrow
Underneath Thy wing.

Bid all fear and doubting
From my soul depart,
As I feel the beating
Of Thy Human Heart.

Look upon me sweetly
With Thy Human Eyes;
With Thy Human Finger
Point me to the skies.

Safe from earthly scandal
  My poor spirit hide
In the utter stillness
  Of Thy wounded Side.

Guide me, ever guide me,
  With Thy piercèd Hand,
Till I reach the borders
  Of the pleasant land.

Then, my own Belovèd,
  Take me home to rest;
Whisper words of comfort;
  Lay me on Thy Breast.

Show me not the Glory
  Round about Thy Throne;
Show me not the flashes
  Of Thy jewelled Crown.

Hide me from the pity
  Of the Angels' Band,
Who ever sing Thy praises,
  And before Thee stand.

Hide me from the glances
  Of the Seraphin,—
They, so pure and spotless,
  I, so stained with sin.

Hide me from S. Michael
  With his flaming sword :—
Thou can'st understand me,
  O my Human Lord!

Jesu, my Belovèd,
  Come to me alone;
In Thy sweet embraces
  Make me all Thine own.

By the quiet waters,
  Sweetest Jesu, lead;
'Mid the virgin lilies,
  Purest Jesu, feed.

Only Thee, Belovèd,
  Only Thee, I seek.
Thou, the Man Christ Jesus,
  Strength in flesh made weak.

2

FROM THE CLOISTER

Brother Jerome seated in the cloister

O TO have wandered in the days that were,
Through the sweet groves of green Academè—
Or, shrouded in a night of olive boughs,
Have watched their starry clusters overhead
Twinkle and quiver in the perfumed breeze—
That breeze which softly wafted from afar,
Mingled with rustling leaves and fountain's splash,
The boyish laughter and the pæan songs;
Or, couched among the beds of pale-pink thyme
That fringe Cephissus with his purple pools,
Have idly listened while low voices sang
Of all those ancient victories of love,
That never weary and that never die,—

Of Sappho's leap, Leander's nightly swim,
Of wandering Echo, and the Trojan maid
For whom all ages shed their pitying tears;—
Or that fair legend, dearest of them all,
That tells us how the hyacinth was born;
Or to have mingled in the eager crowd
That questioning circled some philosopher,
Young eyes that glistened and young cheeks that glowed
For love of Truth, the great, Indefinite—
Truth beautiful as are the distant hills
Veiled in soft purple, crags whereon is found
No tender plant in the uncreviced rock,
But clinging lichen, and black shrivelled moss;—
So should day pass, till, from the western skies,
Behind the marble shrines and palaces,
The big sun sunk, reddening the Aegean Sea.
So should life pass, as flows the clear-brown stream
And scarcely moves the water-lily's leaves.
This sluggish life is like some dead canal,
Dull, measured, muddy, washing flowerless banks.
O sunny Athens, home of life and love,
Free joyous life that I may never live,
Warm glowing love that I may never know,—
Home of Apollo, god of poetry.
Dear bright-haired god, in whom I half believe,

Come to me as thou cam'st to Semele,
Trailing across the hills thy saffron robe,
And catch me heavenward, wrapt in golden mists.
I weary of this squalid holiness,
I weary of these hot black draperies,
I weary of the incense-thickened air,
The chiming of the inevitable bells.
My boyhood—hurried over, but once gone
For ever mourned,—return for one short hour;
Friends of past days, light up these cloister walls
With your bright presences and starry eyes,
And make the cold grey vaulting ring again
With tinkling laughter.—Ah! they come, they come:
I shut my eyes and fancy that I hear
The sun-lit ripples kiss the willow-boughs. . . .
So soon forgotten that all lovely things
Which this vile earth affords—trees, mountains, streams,
The regal faces, and the godlike eyes
We see,—the tender voices that we hear,
Are but mere shadows?—the reality
A cloud-veiled Face, a voice that 's lost in air,
Or drowned in music more intelligible?
From every carven niche the stony Saints

Stretch out their wasted hands in mute reproach,
And from the Crucifix the great wan Christ
Shows me His thorny Crown and gaping
    Wounds.
Then hark! I hear from many a lonely grave,
From blood-stained sands of amphitheatres,
From loathsome dungeon, and from blackened
    stake
They cry, the Martyrs cry, 'Behold the MAN!'
Is there no place in all the universe
To hide me in? no little island girt
With waves, to drown the echo of that cry:
'Behold the Man, the Man of Calvary!'

Brother Francis, crossing the cloister, sings

As pants the hart for forest-streams
  When wandering wearily
Across the burning desert sand,
  So pant I, Lord, for Thee!
Sweetest JESU! Thou art He
  To whom my soul aspires;
Sweetest JESU, Thou art He,
  Whom my whole heart desires.

To love Thee, Oh the ecstasy,
  The rapture, and the joy!
All earthly loves shall pass away;
  All earthly pleasures cloy;
But whoso loves the Son of God
  Of Love shall never tire;
But through and through shall burn and glow
  With Love's undying Fire.

He enters the chapel.

3

AMOREM SENSUS

Translation

AUTHOR of pardon, Jesu Christ,
Extend Thy love to us, and deign
To show Thy mercy upon us,
And cleanse our hearts from every stain.

Most tender and most gracious Lord,
Thou knowest whereof man is made;
Thou knowest whereunto he falls,
If thou withdraw thy saving aid.

My every thought to Thee is clear,
My inmost soul unveiled to Thee;—
Disperse and drive away the dreams
Of worldliness and vanity.

We wander exiled here below,
Through this sad vale of sin and strife;
O lead us to the Holy Mount,
The home of everlasting Life.

Thou Who for us becamest poor,
Thou Who for us wast crucified,
Wash out the past in that dear Stream
That floweth from Thy piercèd Side.

Thrice blessed Love that satisfies
Its thirst in Thee, O Fount of Grace:
Thrice blessed eyes that through all time
Shall see Thy Glory face to face.

Thy Glory, Lord, surpasses thought,
And yet Thy Love is infinite;—
That Love to taste, that Glory see,
My heart to Thee has winged her flight.

4

Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis
Et memor nostri . . . vivas

ON river banks my love was born,
And cradled 'neath a budding thorn,
Whose flowers never more shall kiss
Lips half so sweet and red as his.
Beneath him lily-islands spread
With broad cool leaves a floating bed:
Around, to meet his opening eyes,
The ripples danced in glad surprise.
I found him there when spring was new,
When winds were soft and skies were blue;
I marvelled not, although he drew
My whole soul to him, for I knew
That he was born to be my king,
And I was only born to sing
With faded lips and feeble lays
His love and beauty all my days.
Therefore I pushed the flowers aside
And humbly knelt me by his side,
And then I stooped, and whispered—'Come,
'O Long-desired, to your Home;
'How much desired none can know,

'But those who wander to and fro
'Through unknown groups and careless faces,
'And seek in vain for friendship's graces,
'Until the earth's rich beauties seem
'The bitter mockery of a dream:
'Nor shall they wake, nor shall they see
'This life's most sweet reality,
'Until before them there arise
'A loving, answering pair of eyes.—
'So had I wandered, till you came;
'Spring, summer, autumn were the same;
'For winter ever held the skies
'Clouded with earth's sad mysteries;
'And on my heart the chilly hand
'Of grief I could not understand.
'Those looks, those words of scorn I felt,—
'Never was frost so hard to melt:—
'Yet, as from gardens far below,
'Sweet breezes through a sick room blow,
'So from the Future that should be,
'Faint hopes were always wafted me;
'Till all my heart and soul were full
'Of longing undefinable.
'You came—you came.
'No lilies can I offer you,
'Nor gentian, nor violets blue:
'The only flower that I own
'Is, was and shall be, yours alone,—

'A flower of such a glowing red
'It seems as if each leaf had bled.'
He took my flower; I saw it pressed
With loving care against his breast.
But on that robe it left a stain,
Which never shall come out again.
He heeded not, but clasped my hand
And led me through enchanted land.
On we went—the flowers springing,
Turtle-voices ever singing;
On we went—I understood
Lake and mountain, rock and wood,
Hidden meanings, hidden duties,
Hidden loves, and hidden beauties;
On we went—the ceaseless chorus
Of all nature chanted o'er us;
On we went—the scented breeze
From the bright Hesperian seas
Striking ever on our faces,
Bringing from those blessed places
A foretaste of the spirit's rest
Among the Islands of the blest;
Till the griefs of life's old story
Faded in a mist of glory.
Came there with that glorious vision
Throbbing notes of songs Elysian,
Echoing now as deep and loud
As the thunder in the cloud;

Then again the music sank
Soft as ripples on the bank;
And the angels, as they passed,
Whispered to me 'Loved at last.'

Gone—gone—O never nevermore,
Standing upon the willowy shore,
Shall it be mine to watch his face
Uplifted westward, all ablaze
With sunset glory, and his eyes
Catching the splendour of the skies,
Then softly downward turned on mine,
As stars in turbid waters shine.
  I cannot think, I cannot weep,—
But as one walking in his sleep,
I wander back through well-known ways,
As once with him through summer days.
Again I see the rushes shiver,
And lines on dying sunlight quiver
Across the waters cold and brown,
O'er which our boat glides slowly down.
Again, again I see him stand
With red June roses in his hand;
Again, again within those walls
We loved so well, the sunlight falls
From blazoned windows on his head,
In streams of purple and of red.
Gone—gone.—

So take my flowers, dear river Thames,
And snap, oh snap the lily stems.
I throw my heart among those flowers
You gave to me in boyish hours:
Spare it and them nor storm nor mire;
But sink them lower, toss them higher,
I care not,—for I know that pain
Alone can purify their stain.
So only, only may I win
Some pardon for my youthful sin,—
Vain hopes, false peace, untrustful fears,
Three wasted, dreamy, happy years;—
So only may I stand with him,
When suns have sunk and moons grown dim,
And see him shining in the light
Of the new Heaven's sunless white.

Belovèd, take my little song:
The river, as he rolls along,
Will sing it clearer far than I;
And possibly your memory,
When looking back on what has been,
Will tell you what these verses mean.

5

A SEA SONG

IN the days before the high tide
Swept away the towers of sand
Built with so much care and labour
By the children of the land,

Pale, upon the pallid beaches,
Thirsting, on the thirsty sands,
Ever cried I to the Distance,
Ever seaward spread my hands.

See, they come, they come, the ripples,
Singing, singing fast and low,
Meet the longing of the sea-shores,
Clasp them, kiss them once, and go.

'Stay, sweet Ocean, satisfying
All desires into rest—'
Not a word the Ocean answered,
Rolling sunward down the west.

Then I wept: 'Oh, who will give me
To behold the stable sea,
On whose tideless shores for ever
Sounds of many waters be?'

6

GOOD NIGHT

THE sun has set.
The western light
And after that
The starlit night
Still tell of Him,
Who, far away,
Is Lord of night
As well as day.
Now do you wonder,
Dear, that I
Wished you 'Good night'
And not 'Good-bye'?

7

A POEM WITHOUT A NAME

I

SURELY before the time my Sun has set:
The evening had not come, it was but noon,
The gladness passed from all my Pleasant Land;
And, through the night that knows nor star nor
moon,
Among clean souls who all but Heaven forget,
Alone remembering I wander on.
They sing of triumph, and a Mighty Hand
Locked fast in theirs through sorrow's Mystery;
They sing of glimpses of another Land,
Whose purples gleam through all their agony.
But I—I did not choose like them, I chose
The summer roses, and the red, red wine,
The juice of earth's wild grapes, to drink with
those
Whose glories yet thro' saddest memories shine.
I will not tell of them, of him who came;
I will not tell you what men call my land.
They speak half-choked in fogs of scorn and sin.

I turn from all their pitiless human din
To voices that can feel and understand.
  O ever-laughing rivers, sing his name
To all your lilies;—tell it out, O chime,
In hourly four-fold voices;—western breeze
Among the avenues of scented lime
Murmur it softly to the summer night;—
O sunlight, water, music, flowers and trees,
Heart-beats of nature's infinite delight,
Love him for ever, all things beautiful!
A little while it was he stayed with me,
And taught me knowledge sweet and wonderful,
And satisfied my soul with poetry:
But soon, too soon, there sounded from above
Innumerable clapping of white hands,
And countless laughing voices sang of love,
And called my friend away to other lands.
Well—I am very glad they were so fair,
For whom the lightening east and morning skies;
For me the sunset of his golden hair,
Fading among the hills of Paradise.
  Weed-grown is all my garden of delight;—
Most tired, most cold without the Eden-gate,
With eyes still good for ache, tho' not for sight,
Among the briers and thorns I weep and wait.
Now first I catch the meaning of a strife,
A great soul-battle fought for death or life.
Nearing me come the rumours of a war,

And blood and dust sweep cloudy from afar,
And, surging round, the sobbing of the sea
Choked with the weepings of humanity.
  Alas! no armour have I fashioned me,
And, having lived on honey in the past,
Have gained no strength. From the unfathomed
    sea
I draw no food, for all the nets I cast.
I am not strong enough to fight beneath,
I am not clean enough to mount above;
Oh let me dream, although to dream is death,
Beside the hills where last I saw my Love.

8

IN THE GARDEN

THERE is a garden, which I think He loves
Who loveth all things fair;
And once the Master of the flowers came
To teach love-lessons there.

He touched my eyes, and in the open sun
They walked, the Holy Dead,
Trailing their washen robes across the turf,
An aureole round each head.

One said, with wisdom in his infant eyes,—
'The world I never knew;
'But, love the Holy Child of Bethlehem,
'And He will love you too.'

One said—'The victory is hard to win,
'But love shall conquer death.
'The world is sweet, but He is sweeter far,
'The Boy of Nazareth.'

One said—'My life was twilight from the first;
'But on my Calvary,
'Beside my cross, another Cross was raised
'In utter love for me.'

One said—'The wine-vat it was hard to tread,
'It stained my weary feet;
'But One from Bozra trod with me in love,
'And made my vintage sweet.'

One said—'My human loves were pure and fair,
'He would not have them cease;
'But, knit to His, I bore them in my heart
'Into the land of peace.'

One came, who in the groves of Paradise
Had latest cut his palm;
He only said—'The floods lift up their voice,
'But love can make them calm.'

I heard a step—I had been long alone,
I thought they might have missed me—
It was my mother coming o'er the grass;
I turned—and so she kissed me.

9

AFTER READING AESCHYLUS

I WILL not sing my little puny songs.
It is more blessed for the rippling pool
To be absorbed in the great ocean-wave
Than even to kiss the sea-weeds on its breast.
Therefore in passiveness I will lie still,
And let the multitudinous music of the Greek
Pass into me, till I am musical.

10

AFTER READING HOMER

HAPPY the man, who on the mountain-side
Bending o'er fern and flowers his basket fills:
Yet he will never know the outline-power,
The awful Whole of the Eternal Hills.

So some there are, who never feel the strength
In thy blind eyes, majestic and complete,
Which conquers those, who motionlessly sit,
O dear divine old Giant, at thy feet.

II

THERE was one who walked in shadow,
There was one who walked in light:
But once their way together lay,
Where sun and shade unite,

In the meadow of the lotus,
In the meadow of the rose,
Where fair with youth and clear with truth
The Living River flows.

Scarcely summer stillness breaking,
Questions, answers, soft and low—
The words they said, the vows they made,
None but the willows know.

Both have passed away for ever
From the meadow and the stream;
Past their waking, past their breaking
The sweetness of that dream.

One along the dusty highway
  Toiling counts the weary hours,
And one among its shining throng
  The world has crowned with flowers.

Sometimes perhaps amid the gardens,
  Where the noble have their part,
Though noon 's o'erhead, a dew-drop 's shed
  Into a lily's heart.

This I know, till one heart reaches
  Labour's sum, the restful grave,
Will still be seen the willow-green,
  And heard the rippling wave.

12

What is good for a bootless bene?
The Falconer to the lady said.

FROM the great Poet's lips I thought to take
Some drops of honey for my parchèd mouth,
And draw from out his depths of purple lake
Some rill to murmur Peace thro' summer drouth.

Hail, sweet sad story! Noble lady, hail!—
Who, sorrowing wisely, sorrowed not in vain,
When Love and Death did strive, but Love prevail
To turn thy loss to Everlasting gain.

But what of Love, whose crown is not of bay,
Whose yellow locks with asphodel are twined?
And what of him, who in the battle-day
Dare not look forward, for the foes behind?

13

GOOD FRIDAY

WAS it a dream—the outline of that Face,
Which seemed to lighten from the Holy Place,
Meeting all want, fulfilling all desire?
A dream—the music of that Voice most sweet,
Which seemed to rise above the chanting choir?
A dream—the treadings of those wounded Feet,
Pacing about the Altar still and slow?
Illusion—all I thought to love and know?
Strong Sorrow-wrestler of Mount Calvary,
Speak through the blackness of Thine Agony,
Say, have I ever known Thee? answer me!
Speak, Merciful and Mighty, lifted up
To draw those to Thee who have power to will
The roseate Baptism, and the bitter Cup,
The Royal Graces of the Cross-crowned Hill.
Terrible Golgotha—among the bones
Which whiten thee, as thick as splintered stones
Where headlong rocks have crushed themselves away,
I stumble on—Is it too dark to pray?

14

ANACREONTIC

ON the tender myrtle-branches,
In the meadow lotus-grassèd,
While the wearied sunlight softly
  To the Happy Islands passèd,—
Reddest lips the reddest vintage
  Of the bright Aegean quaffing,
There I saw them lie, the evening
  Hazes rippled with their laughing.
Round them boys, with hair as golden
  As Queen Cytheréa's own is,
Sang to lyres wreathed with ivy
  Of the beautiful Adonis—
(Of Adonis the Desired,
  He has perished on the mountain,)
While their voices, rising, falling,
  As the murmur of a fountain,
Glittered upwards at the mention
  Of his beauty unavailing;
Scattered into rainbowed teardrops
  To the ἄι ἄι of the wailing.

15

Ἔρως Ἵμερός τε.

I SAID to my heart,—'I am tired,
Am tired of loving in vain;
Since the beauty of the Desired
Shall not be unveiled again.'

So we laid our Longing to rest,
To sleep through the endless hours,
And called to a breeze of the west
To kiss the acacia flowers;

To kiss them until they break
And hide him beneath their bloom,
That our Longing for Love's sweet sake
Be shrouded fair in the tomb.

But the Memories arose in light,
From meadow and wharf and wave,
And sang through the gathering night,
As we turned to leave the grave.

Of Longing they sang, son of Love,
  Love patient as earth beneath,
As the heavens immortal above,
  And mightier than time or death.

They sang till they woke him at morn;
  Arisen he stood by my bed,
In his face the glory of dawn,
  The gold and purple and red.

He is mine thro' the depth of pain,
  Is mine through the length of ways;
But a death awaits him again,
  In the Triumph of Patient Days.

16

STRANGE, all-absorbing Love, who gatherest
Unto Thy glowing all my pleasant dew,
Then delicately my garden waterest,
Drawing the old, to pour it back anew:

In the dim glitter of the dawning hours
'Not so,' I said, 'but still these drops of light,
'Heart-shrined among the petals of my flowers,
'Shall hold the memory of the starry night

'So fresh, no need of showers shall there be.'—
Ah, senseless gardener! must it come to pass
That neath the glaring noon thou shouldest see
Thine earth become as iron, His heavens as brass?

Nay rather, O my Sun, I will be wise,
Believe in Love which may not yet be seen,
Yield Thee my earth-drops, call Thee from the skies,
In soft return, to keep my bedding green.

So when the bells at Vesper-tide shall sound,
And the dead ocean o'er my garden flows,
Upon the Golden Altar may be found
Some scarlet berries and a Christmas rose.

17

FROM SAPPHO

THOU liest dead,—lie on : of thee
No sweet remembrances shall be,
Who never plucked Pierian rose,
Who never chanced on Anterôs.
Unknown, unnoticed, there below
Through Aides' houses shalt thou go
Alone,—for never a flitting ghost
Shall find in thee a lover lost.

18

Osculo oris sui osculetur me.

CHRIST, for whose only Love I keep me clean
Among the palaces of Babylon,
I would not Thou should'st reckon me with them
Who miserly would count each golden stone
That flags the street of Thy Jerusalem—
Who, having touched and tasted, heard and seen,

Half-drunken yet from earthly revelries,
Would wipe with flower-wreathed hair Thy bleeding Feet,
Jostling about Thee but to stay the heat
Of pale parched lips in Thy cool chalices.

'Our cups are emptiness—how long? how long
'Before that Thou wilt pour us of Thy wine,
'Thy sweet new wine, that we may thirst no more?
'Our lamps are darkness,—open day of Thine,
'Surely is light to spare behind that door,
'Where God is Sun, and Saints a starry throng.'

But I, how little profit were to me
Tho' mine the twelve foundations of the skies,
With this green world of love an age below:—
The soft remembrance of those human eyes
Would pale the everlasting jewel-glow;
And o'er the perfect passionless minstrelsy

A voice would sound the decachords above,
Deadening the music of the Living Land—
Thou madest, Thou knowest, Thou wilt understand,
And stay me with the Apples of Thy love.

My Christ, remember that betrothal day;
Blessed be He that cometh was the song:
Glad as the Hebrew boys who cried Hosanna,
O'er hearts thick-strewn as palms they passed along,
To reap in might the fields of heavenly manna—
These were the bridesmen in their white array.

Soon hearts and eyes were lifted up to Thee:
Deep in dim glories of the Sanctuary,
Between the thunderous Alleluia-praise,
Through incense-hazes that encompassed Thee,
I saw the priestly hands Thyself upraise—
Heaven sank to earth—earth leapt to heaven for me.

Rise, Peter, rise; He standeth on the shore,
The thrice-denied of Pilate's Judgement Hall:
His hand is o'er the shingle lest thou fall;
He wipes thy bitter tears for evermore.

'Lovest thou?' My belovèd, answer me,
Of Thine all-knowledge show me only this—
Tarrieth the answer? Lo, the House of Bread;
Lo, God and man made one in Mary's kiss
Bending in rapture o'er the manger bed.
I with the holy kings will go and see.

19

ON THE PICTURE OF AN ANGEL BY FRA ANGELICO

PRESS each on each, sweet wings, and roof me in
  Some closèd cell to hold my weariness,
Desired—as from unshadowed plains to win
  The palmy gloaming of the oases:

Glad wings, that floated ere the suns arose
  Down pillared lines of ever-fruited trees,
Where thro' the many-gladed leafage flows
  The uncreated noon of Paradise:

Soft wings, in contemplation oftentime
  Stretched on the ocean-depths that drown desire,
Where lightening tides in never-falling chime
  Ring round the angel isles in glass and fire:

From meadow-lands that sleep beyond the stars,
  From lilied woods and waves the blessed see,
Pass, bird of God, ah pass the golden bars,
  And in thy fair compassion pity me.

O for the garden city of the Flower,
  Of jewelled Italy the chosen gem,
Where angels and Giotto dreamed a tower
  In beauty as of New Jerusalem:

For there, when roseate as a wingèd cloud
  Upon the saffron of the paling east—
A glowing pillar in the House of God—
  That tower was born, the Very Loveliest,

Then shaking wings, and voices then that sang,
  Passed up and down the chasèd jasper wall,
And through the crystal traceries outrang,
  As when from deep to deep the seraphs call.

O for the valley slopes which Arno cleaves
  With arrowy heads of gold unceasingly,
Parting the twilight of the grey-green leaves
  As shafted sungleam on a rain-cloud sky:

For there, more white than mists of bloom above
  When sunset kindles Luni's vineyard height,
Strange Presences have paced the olive grove,
  And dazed the cypress cloister into light.

But not for me the angel-haunted South:
  I spread my hands across the unlovely plain,
I faint for beauty in the daily drouth
  Of beauty, as the fields for August rain.

Yet hope is mine against some Eastern dawn,
  Not in a vision but reality,
To see thy wings, and in thine arms upborne,
  To rest me in a fairer Italy.

20

REQUESTS

I ASKED for Peace—
My sins arose,
And bound me close,
I could not find release.

I asked for Truth—
My doubts came in,
And with their din
They wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love—
My lovers failed,
And griefs assailed
Around, beneath, above.

I asked for Thee—
And Thou didst come
To take me home
Within Thy Heart to be.

21

BEAUTIFUL, oh beautiful—
In all the mountain passes
The plenteous dowers of April showers,
Which every spring amasses,
To bring about thro' summer drought
The blossoming of the grasses.

Beautiful, oh beautiful—
The April of the ages,
Which sweetly brought its showers of thought
To poets and to sages,
Now stored away our thirst to stay
In ever-dewy pages.

22

THE ETERNAL CALVARY

The clouded hill attend thou still,
And him that went within.
A. CLOUGH.

NOT so indeed shall be our creed,—
The Man whom we rely on
Has brought us thro' from old to new,
From Sinai to Zion.
For us He scaled the hill of myrrh,
The summits of His Passion,
And is set down upon the throne
Of infinite Compassion.

He passed within the cloud that veiled
The Mount of our Salvation,
In utter darkness swallowed up
Until the Consummation.
The clouds are burst, the shades dispersed;
Descending from above
With wounded hands our Prophet stands,
And bears the Law of Love.

Receive it then, believe it then,
  As childlike spirits can;
Receive, believe, and thou shalt live,
  And thou shalt LOVE, O man!

Not so indeed shall be our creed,—
  To wait a new commission,
As if again revealed to men
  Could be the heavenly Vision;
The priceless thing He died to bring
  From out the veil, to miss,
While Host and Cup are lifted up
  On countless Calvarys.

'Among the dead,' an angel said,
  'Seek not the living Christ.'
The type is done, the real begun,
  Behold the Eucharist!
The curse is spent, the veil is rent,
  And face to face we meet Him,
With chanting choirs and incense fires
  On every altar greet Him.

Receive it then, believe it then,
  As childlike spirits can;
Receive, believe, and thou shalt live,
  And thou shalt LOVE, O man!

23

WE hurry on, nor passing note
The rounded hedges white with May;
For golden clouds before us float
To lead our dazzled sight astray.
We say, 'they shall indeed be sweet
'The summer days that are to be'—
The ages murmur at our feet
The everlasting mystery.

We seek for Love to make our own,
But clasp him not for all our care
Of outspread arms; we gain alone
The flicker of his yellow hair
Caught now and then through glancing vine,
How rare, how fair, we dare not tell;
We know those sunny locks entwine
With ruddy-fruited asphodel.

A little life, a little love,
Young men rejoicing in their youth,
A doubtful twilight from above,
A glimpse of Beauty and of Truth,—
And then, no doubt, spring-loveliness
Expressed in hawthorns white and red,
The sprouting of the meadow grass,
But churchyard weeds about our head.

24

THE PILGRIM AND THE KNIGHT

HERE in the flats that encompass the hills called Beautiful, lying,
O Beloved, behold a Pilgrim who fain would be sleeping,
Did not at times the snows that diadem summits above him
Break on his dreams, and scatter the slumberous mists from his eyelids,
Flashing the consciousness back, by weariness half overpowered,
Of journeying unfulfilled and feet that have toiled but attained not.
Then, in a sudden trance, (as the man whose eyes were opened
But for a little while, then closed to night everlasting,)
High on the slopes of the terraced hills a goodly procession:
White are the horses and white are the plumes and white are the vestures,
White is the heaven above with pearls that the dawning is scattering,

White beneath the flowerless fields that are hedged with the snowdrift.
These are the Knights of the Lord, who fight with the Beast and the Prophet.

Ho for the Knight that rides in the splendour of opening manhood,
Calm as Michael, when, out from the Beatifical Vision,
Bearing the might of the Lord, he passed to conquer the Dragon.
Yet, in those passionless eyes, if hitherward turned for a moment,
Might not some memory waken of him whom he loved in the Distance,
Ere from Holy Land the voice of the trumpet had sounded—
'O Beloved'—Enough; the words unechoed, unanswered,
Fade with the vision away on the slopes of the Beautiful Mountains.

Yet—remember me, Thou Captain of Israel's Knighthood,
Thou to John made known in the Revelation of Patmos.

25

BREVI TEMPORE MAGNUM PERFECIT OPUS

I

'TWAS not in shady cloister that God set His chosen one,
But in the van of battle and the streets of Babylon:
There he in patience served the days of his captivity,
Until the King made known to him the City of the Free.

There One who watched in Salem once beside the Treasury,
And reckoned up the riches of the widow's penury,
Received the offering of him who counted not the cost,
But burnt his soul and body in a living holocaust.

His life was in the Sanctuary and like a fountain sealed;
He to the Master's eyes alone its height and depth revealed;
Of that which every motion spoke he seldom told in word,
But on his face was written up the secret of the Lord.

Through many fiery places in innocence he trod;
We almost saw beside him one like the Son of God:
Where'er he went a perfume about his presence hung,
As tho' within that shrine of flesh a mystic censer swung.

We never heard him laugh aloud, we know he often wept:
We think the Bridegroom sometimes stood beside him as he slept,
And set upon those virgin lips the signet of His love,
That any other touch but His they never should approve.

He grew in grace and stature, he felt and understood
The stirring of the passions and the movement of the blood,
And clung with deepening tenderness about the wounded Feet,
And nestled in the Master's Breast with rapture new and sweet.

He stayed till seventeen Aprils here had budded into May,
Along the pleasant hedgerows that he knew not far away:
But scarcely seventeen summers yet the lily-beds had blown,
Before the angels carried him to gardens of their own.

II

They set the window open as the sun was going down:
Beneath went on the hurry and roar of London town.
But in the narrow room above the rush of life was done,
In silence, once for ever, the victory was won.

He came, the Strong, the Terrible, whose face
the strongest fear,
(O world, behold thy Spoiler spoiled, the
Stronger Man is here)
He came, the Loved, the Loveliest, whose Face
the Saints desire,
To be his Fellow-pilgrim thro' the water and the
fire.

Henceforth no more beneath the veils, Viaticum
no more,
But Rest and Consummation upon the other
Shore.
The bell was ringing Complin, the night began
to fall;
They laid him in the ashes and waited for the
call.

'Come up, come up from Lebanon,' he heard
the Bridegroom say,
'Come up, my Love, my sister, for the shadows
flee away.'
And as upon his face they caught the breaking
of that morn
They spread his arms to fashion the Cross that
he had borne.

A smile, a whispered 'Jesus', then the fulness
of the day:
Made perfect in a little while his spirit passed
away;
And leaning on the Bridegroom's arm he scaled
the golden stair
Through all the baffled legions of the powers of
the air.

Beneath the secret Altar now he tarrieth the End.
From earth he hears the pleadings of holy Mass
ascend,
From heaven the voice of Jesus, Who bids the
angels haste
To gather in the chosen to the Marriage and the
Feast.

26

A PRAYER

FROM falsehood and error,
From darkness and terror,
From all that is evil,
From the power of the devil,
From the fire and the doom,
From the judgement to come—
Sweet JESU, deliver
Thy servants for ever.

27

THE LILY

ONCE, on the river banks we knew,
A child, who laughing ran to choose
A lily there, essayed to tread
The lawn of leaves that outward spread
To where the very fairest blew,
And slipped from love and life and light,
Into the shiny depth beneath;
While through the tangle and the ooze
Up bubbled all his little breath.
  Above, the lilies calmly white
Were floating still at eventide,
When, as it chanced, a boat went down
Returning to the royal town,
Wherein a noble lady lay
Among the cushions dreamily,
Who leant above the gilded side
And plucked the flower carelessly,
And wore it at the ball that night.

28

A LETTER

MY Love, and once again my Love,
And then no more until the end,
Until the waters cease to move,
Until we rest within the Ark,
And all is light which now is dark,
And loves can never more descend.
And yet—and yet be just to me
At least for manhood; for the whole
Love-current of a human soul,
Though bent and rolled through fruitless ways,
Tho' marred with slime and choked with weed,
(Long lost the silver ripple-song,
Long past the sprouting water-mead,)
Is something awful, broad and strong.
Remember that this utterly,
With all its waves of passion, set
To you; that all the water store,
No second April shall restore,

Was so to broken cisterns poured,
And lost, or else long since had met
The ocean-love of Christ the Lord.
My Brother, hear me; for the Name
Which is as fire in my bones
Has burned away the former shame;
Held I my peace, the very stones
Would cry against me; hear me then,
Who will not bid you hear again.
Hear what I saw, and why I fled,
And how I lost and how I won,
I, who between the quick and dead,
Once chose corruption for my own.
  I saw, where heaven's arches meet,
One stand in awfulness alone,
With folded robe and gleaming feet
And eyes that looked not up nor down.
It was the archangel, drawing breath
To blow for life, to blow for death.
The glow and soft reality
Of love and life grew cold and grey,
And died before the Eternity
That compasseth the Judgement day.
I said, 'My sin is full and ended';
While down the garden that we tended,
As in a heavy dream, I turned
Thro' lilied glades that once were sweet,
Trampling the buds that kissed my feet,

Until the sword above me burned.
My hair was shrivelled to my head,
My heart as ashes scorched, and dead
As his who ere its beating died.
The life imprisoned in my brain
Burst to my eyes in throbs of pain,
And all their tender springs were dried.
For miles and miles the wilds I trod,
Drunk with the angry wine of God;
Until the nets of anguish broke,
Until the prisoner found release.
  I mused awhile in quietness
Upon that strangest liberty:
Then other fires intolerably
Were kindled in me—and I spoke;
And so attained the hidden Peace,
The land of Wells beyond the fire,
The Face of loveliness unmarred,
The Consummation of desire.
  O vesper-light! O night thick-starred!
O five-fold springs, that upward burst
And radiate from Calvary
To stay the weary nations' thirst,
And hide a world's impurity!—
How one drew near with soilèd feet,
Through all the Marah overflow,
And how the waters were made sweet
That night Thou knowest,—only Thou.

Repent with me, for judgement waits.
Repent with me, for Jesus hung
Three hours upon the nails for you.
Rise, bid the angels sing anew
At every one of Sion's gates
The song which then for me they sung.

29

THE ANNUNCIATION

ON the silent ages breaking
Comes the sweet Annunciation:
The eternal Ave waking,
  Changes Eva's condemnation.

How at Nazareth the Archangel
  Hailed the dear predestined maiden
Read from out the Great Evangel
  We, the sin and sorrow-laden.

For to-day the Church rejoices
  In the angelic salutation,
And to-day ten thousand voices
  Hail the Mother of salvation.

Hail, amid the shades descending
  Round our humble oratory!
Hail, amid the light unending
  Of the beatific Glory!

Hail, in city Galilean
  To the maid of lowly station!
Hail, in city empyrean
  To the Queen of all creation!

Hail, O Mother of compassion!
  Hail, O Mother of fair love!
Hail, our Lady of the Passion!
  Hail beneath and hail above!

Where she stands, our mother Mary,
  In her human majesty,
Nearest to the sanctuary
  Of the awful Trinity.

May she prove once more a Mother,
  Plead that He, her dearest Son,
Who through her became our Brother,
  Would His sinful brethren own.

With the Father and the Spirit,
  Son of Mary, Thee we praise;
By Thine INCARNATION's merit
  Turn on us a Brother's face!
                Amen.

30

SISTER DEATH

MY sister Death! I pray thee come to me
Of thy sweet charity,
And be my nurse but for a little while;
I will indeed lie still,
And not detain thee long, when once is spread,
Beneath the yew, my bed:
I will not ask for lilies or for roses;
But when the evening closes,
Just take from any brook a single knot
Of pale Forget-me-not,
And lay them in my hand, until I wake,
For his dear sake;
(For should he ever pass and by me stand,
He yet might understand—)
Then heal the passion and the fever
With one cool kiss, for ever.

31

CAVE OF SOMNUS

Translation

NEAR the Cimmerian land, deep-caverned, lies
A hollow mount, the home of sluggish Sleep;
Where never ray from morn or evening skies
Can enter, but where blackening vapours creep,
And doubtful gloom unbroken sway doth keep.

There never crested bird evokes the dawn,
Nor watchful dogs disturb the silence deep,
Nor wandering beast, nor forest tempest-torn,
Nor harsher sound of human passions born.

Mute quiet reigns;—but from the lowest cave
A spring Lethean rising evermore
Pours through the murmuring rocks a slumberous wave.
The plenteous poppy blossoms at the door,
And countless herbs, of night the drowsy store.

32

DIANAE MUNUSCULUM

After Catullus

HEAR the choir of boy and maid,
Mighty child of mightiest Jove,
Thou whom royal mother laid
In the Delian olive grove—
That thou mightest be the lady
Of all woods that bud in spring,
Of all glades remote and shady,
Of all rivers echoing.

Thou wert cradled mid the seas,
Guarded was thine infant state
With the glistening Cyclades,
With the wave inviolate—
That thou mightest be the warden
Of all holy loves and pure,
When, as in a fencèd garden,
Chaste affections bloom secure.

Hear the choir of boy and maid,
Mighty child of mightiest Jove:
Take the wreath before thee laid,
Take the incense of our love.

33

ANACREONTIC

Translation

DRINK, in the glory of youth;
love, crowned with roses of summer:
So be it only with me
be mad, be wise as thou listest.

34

FROM MARTIAL

Translation

IN vain you count his virtues up,
His soberness commend;
I like a steady servant,
But not a steady friend.

35

POPPIES

LILIES, lilies not for me,
Flowers of the pure and saintly—
I have seen in holy places
Where the incense rises faintly,
And the priest the chalice raises,
Lilies in the altar vases,
Not for me.

Leave untouched each garden tree,
Kings and queens of flower-land.
When the summer evening closes,
Lovers may-be hand in hand
There will seek for crimson roses,
There will bind their wreaths and posies
Merrily.

From the corn-fields where we met
Pluck me poppies white and red;
Bind them round my weary brain,
Strew them on my narrow bed,
Numbing all the ache and pain.—
I shall sleep nor wake again,
But forget.

36

BEYOND

BEYOND the calumny and wrong,
Beyond the clamour and the throng,
Beyond the praise and triumph-song
He passed.
Beyond the scandal and the doubt,
The fear within, the fight without,
The turmoil and the battle-shout
He sleeps.

The world for him was not so sweet
That he should grieve to stay his feet
Where youth and manhood's highways meet,
And die.
For every child a mother's breast,
For every bird a guarded nest;
For him alone was found no rest
But this.

Beneath the flight of happy hours,
Beneath the withering of the flowers
In folds of peace more sure than ours
He lies.
A night no glaring dawn shall break,
A sleep no cruel voice shall wake,
An heritage that none can take
Are his.

37

TO ——

I SAID—'Tis very late we meet;
'A guest long since has filled each seat
'About my hearth; yet rest
'A little while beside the door;
'Although the east shall glow no more,
'Some light is in the west,

'And gathers round the wayside inn,
'Whence all the mountain paths begin:
'Pause, ere you onward go,
'And sing, while gazing up the height,
'The guarded valley of delight
'We both have left below.'

Was it not somewhat thus, my friend?—
But now your rest has reached its end,
And upwards you must strive.
Ah now I thank you that you stayed,
That you so royally repaid
All that I had to give.

For the sweet temperance of your youth,
Unconscious chivalry and truth,
And simple courtesies;
A soul as clear as southern lake,
Yet strong as any cliffs that break
The might of northern seas;

For these I loved you well,—and yet
Could neither you nor I forget,
But spent we soberly
The autumn days, that lay between
The skirts of glory that had been,
Of glory that should be.

Unlike the month of snowy flowers,
Unlike my April's rainbowed showers,
My consummate July
Those autumn days; and yet they wept
Tears soft not sad, for all they kept
Of summer's greenery.

We loved the tarn with rocky shore,
We loved to tread the windy moor,
And many a berried lane;
But most where, swollen with rains and rills,
The waters of a hundred hills
Go hurrying down the plain;

Where plenteous apples wax and fall,
And stud o'er many a leafy hall
    The vaults with fiery gems:
But often through their golden gleams
Flowed-in the river of my dreams,
    The lilied river Thames.

Then on another arm I leant,
And then once more with him I went
    Thro' field and wharf and town;
And love caught up the flying hours,
And eyes that were not calm as yours
    Were imaged in my own.

A grave good-bye I bid you now;
Not lightly, but as those who know
    Fair hospitality.
O loyal heart, be loyal still,
And happy, happy where you will,
    And sometimes think of me.

38

PRO CASTITATE

VIRGIN born of Virgin,
To Thy shelter take me:
Purest, holiest Jesu,
Chaste and holy make me.

Wisdom, power and beauty,
These are not for me;
Give me, give me only
Perfect Chastity.

By Thy Flagellation,
Flesh immaculate—
By Thine endless glory,
Manhood consummate—

By Thy Mother Mary,
By Thine Angel-host,
By the Monks and Maidens
Who have loved Thee most,

Keep my flesh and spirit,
  Eyes and ears and speech,
Taste and touch and feeling,
  Sanctify them each.

Through the fiery furnace
  Walk, O Love, beside me;
In the provocation
  From the tempter hide me.

When they come about me,
  Dreams of earthly passion,
Drive O drive them from me,
  Of Thy sweet compassion:

For to feed beside Thee
  With the Virgin choir,
In the vale of lilies,
  Is my one desire.

Not for might and glory
  Do I ask above,
Seeking of Thee only
  Love and love and love.

39

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR

I

TELL us, tell us, holy shepherds,
What at Bethlehem you saw.—
'Very God of Very God
'Asleep amid the straw.'

Tell us, tell us, all ye faithful,
What this morning came to pass
At the awful elevation
In the Canon of the Mass.—
'Very God of Very God,
'By whom the worlds were made,
'In silence and in helplessness
'Upon the altar laid.'

Tell us, tell us, wondrous JESU,
What has drawn Thee from above
To the manger and the altar.—
All the silence answers—Love.

II

Through the roaring streets of London
  Thou art passing, hidden Lord,
Uncreated, Consubstantial,
  In the seventh heaven adored.

As of old the ever-Virgin
  Through unconscious Bethlehem
Bore Thee, not in glad procession,
  Jewelled robe and diadem;
Not in pomp and not in power,
  Onward to Nativity,
Shrined but in the tabernacle
  Of her sweet Virginity.

Still Thou goest by in silence,
  Still the world cannot receive,
Still the poor and weak and weary
  Only, worship and believe.

40

A POEM WITHOUT A NAME

II

I pray you this my song to take
Not scornfully, for Boyhood's sake;
It is the last, until the day
When your kind eyes shall bid me say
Take, Archie, not of mine but me,
And be mine only Poetry.

THE PAST

METHOUGHT the sun in terror made his bed,
The gentle stars in angry lightning fell,
And shuddering winds thro' all the woodland fled,
Pulling in every tree a passing bell.
That night, on all the glory and the grace
There rolled a numbing mist, and wrapped from sight
The greening fields of my delightsome land,
Mildewing every tender bud to blight,—
As the grey change o'erspreads a dying face—

Till, corpse-like, stretched beneath a pall of skies,
Earth stared at heaven with open sightless eyes;
Then in the hush went forth the soul of life,
Drawn through the darkness by a gleaming hand:
The strength of agony awoke, and strove
Awhile for mastery to hold it back,
But comet-like, beyond the laws of love,
Branding the blackness with a fiery track
It passed to space; and, wearied of the strife,
In the great after calm, I passed to sleep.
  Did they not call ambrosial the night
And holy once? when (from the feet of God
Set on the height where circles round and full
The rainbow of perfection) starry troops
Came floating, aureoled in dreamy light,
And gracious dews distilling, as they trod
The poppied plains of slumber.—Ah too dull
My sense, such visions for my aid to call,
My sleep too dry with fever, for the fall
Of those strange dews, which quicken withered
    hopes.

THE PRESENT

  And yet why strive to syllable my loss
In chilly metaphors of night and sleep?
Leap in, O Love, O Flame divine, yea leap
Upon them, shrivel them like paper; so,
In that refining fire, the encircling dross
Of words shall melt away; then will I keep,

Stored in a silent Treasury I know,
The pure reality, that in the spring—
The resurrection of all loveliness—
For me a star shall pierce the eastern cloud,
And western breezes bear the tender rain;
For me a crocus flower shall burst its shroud,
My Love, my buried Love, shall rise again.
Blow, winds, and make the fields a wilderness;
Roar, hurrying rivers to the weary sea;
Fall, cruel veils of snow, as desolate
As human hearts, when passion fires have burnt
To greyest ash;—I shall nor hear nor see.
Within that Treasure-house of mine I wait,
I wait, with Erôs glowing at my side;
From him, the mighty artist, I have learned
How memories to brushes may be tied;
And tho' I moistened all my paints with tears,
Yet on my walls as joyous imagery,
With golden hopes inframèd, now appears
As e'er of old was dreamed to vivify
Ionian porticoes, when Greece was young,
And wreathed with glancing vine Anacreon sung.
Here, on the granite headland he is set,
Like Michael in his triumph, and the waves
In wild desire have tossed about his feet
Their choicest pearls;—and, here, he softly laves
Limbs delicate, where beechen boughs are wet
With jewelled drops and all is young and sweet;—

And here, a stranded lily on the beach,
My Hylas, coronalled with curly gold,
He lies beyond the water's longing reach
Him once again essaying to enfold;—
Here, face uplifted to the twinkling sky
He walks, like Agathôn the vastly-loved,
Till with the dear Athenian I cry,
'My Star of stars, would I might heaven be,
Night-long, with many eyes, to gaze on thee!'—
And here, like Hyacinthus, as he moved
Among the flowers, ere flower-like he sank
Too soon to fade on green Eurotas' bank.
  But it is profanation now to speak
Of thoughtless Hellene boys, or to compare
The majesty and spiritual grace
Of that design which consummates the whole.
It is himself, as I have watched him, where
The mighty organ's great Teutonic soul
Passed into him and lightened in his face,
And throbbed in every nerve and fired his cheek.
  See, Love, I sing not of thee now alone,
But am become a painter all thine own.

THE FUTURE

  Ah now in truth how shall we, can we meet?
Or wilt thou come to me through careless eyes,
Loveliest 'mid the unlovely, in the street?
Or will thy voice be there, to harmonize

The clanging and the clamour, where beneath
The panting engines draw their burning breath?
Or shall I have to seek thee in a throng
Of noble comrades round thee?—have to pass
The low luxurious laugh, or merry song,
The pilèd golden fruit, and flashing glass?
I care not much; however it may be,
Eyes, ears and heart will compass only thee.
Yet could I choose, then surely would I fix
On that half-light, whose very name is sweet,
The gloaming, when the sun and moonbeams mix,
And light and darkness on each other rest
Like lovers' lips, uncertain, tremulous;
And the All-mother's heart is loth to beat
And break their union: then, I think, 'twere best
To find thee pacing 'neath the sprouting boughs
Of lime, alone—for so I saw thee first,
When scarce my rose's crimson life had burst
In blushes, from its calix to the sun.
Alone—throughout my love has been apart;
When seen, then misconceived so utterly,
I liken it (forgive the vanity)
To those vermilion shades since light begun
Existing, but which Turner only drew,
While pointing critics had their little say,
And all the world cried out, of course they knew

Much better than the sun, could tell the way
To colour him and his by proper rules,
And Claude was great, great, great in all the schools
As once Ephesian Dian.—Matters it
To him, or you, or me? While truth is truth,
And love is love, you'll answer—Not a whit.

FOR EVER

Enough, the yearning is unsatisfied,
Resolved again into a plea for faith.
Believe the true elixir is within,
Although I sought to draw from that full tide
Some crystal drops of evidence, to win
A little vapour only—yet believe,
Believe the essence of a perfect love
Is there, and worthy. Not a tinge of shame
My words can colour. Of *thine own* receive,
Yes, of thy very being. It shall prove
Indeed a poem, though without a name.

41

THE SHRINE

THERE is a shrine whose golden gate
Was opened by the Hand of God;
It stands serene, inviolate,
Though millions have its pavement trod;
As fresh, as when the first sunrise
Awoke the lark in Paradise.

'Tis compassed with the dust and toil
Of common days, yet should there fall
A single speck, a single soil
Upon the whiteness of its wall,
The angels' tears in tender rain
Would make the temple theirs again.

Without, the world is tired and old,
But, once within the enchanted door,
The mists of time are backward rolled,
And creeds and ages are no more;
But all the human-hearted meet
In one communion vast and sweet.

I enter—all is simply fair,
  Nor incense-clouds, nor carven throne;
But in the fragrant morning air
  A gentle lady sits alone;
My mother—ah! whom should I see
Within, save ever only thee?

42

(1)

ONE night I dreamt that in a gleaming hall
You played, and overhead the air was sweet
With waving kerchiefs; then a sudden fall
Of flowers; and jewels clashed about your feet.
Around you glittering forms, a starry ring,
In echo sang of youth and golden ease:
You leant to me a moment, crying—'Sing,
'If, as you say, you love me, sing with these.'—
In vain my lips were opened, for my throat
Was choked somewhence, my tongue was sore and dry,
And in my soul alone the answering note;
Till, in a piercing discord, one shrill cry,
As of a hunted creature, from me broke.
You laughed, and in great bitterness I woke.

(2)

I THANK thee, Love, that thou hast overthrown
The tyranny of Self; I would not now
Even in desire, possess thee mine alone
In land-locked anchorage: nay rather go,
Ride the high seas, the fruitless human seas,
Where white-winged ships are set for barren shores,
Though freighted all, those lovely argosies,
And laden with a wealth of rarest stores.
Go, draw them after thee, and lead them on
With thine own music, to the ideal west,
Where, in the youth of ages, vaguely shone
The term of all, the Islands of the Blest.
I too dare steer, for once-loved haven's sake,
My tiny skiff along thy glorious wake.

(3)

A BOYISH friendship! No, respond the chimes,
The years of chimes fulfillèd since we parted,
Since 'au revoir' you said among the limes,
And passed away in silence tender-hearted.
I hold it cleared by time that not of heat,
Or sudden passion my great Love was born:
I hold that years the calumny defeat
That it would fade as freshness off the morn.
  That it was fathered not by mean desire
Of eye and ear, doth cruel distance prove.—
My life is cleft to steps that lift it higher,
And with my growing manhood grows my Love.
  Then come and tread the fruits of disconnection
To the sweet vintage of your own perfection.

(4)

O COME, my king, and fill the palaces
Where sceptred Loss too long hath held her state,
With courts of Joyaunce, and a laughing breeze
Of voices.—If thou willest, come;—I wait
Unquestioning, no servant, but thy slave.
I plead no merit, and no claim for wages,
Nor that sweet favour which my sovereign gave
In other days, of his own grace: but pages
Are privileged to linger at the door
With longing eyes, while nobles kiss the hand
Of him the noblest, though elect no more
To touch the train, or at the throne to stand.
But come, content me with the lowest place,
So be it that I see thy royal face.

43

DUM AGONIZATUR ANIMA, ORENT ASSISTENTES

Think, kind Jesu, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation,
Leave me not to reprobation.
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of anguish bought me;
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

BEHOLD me will-less, witless in the night;
With hands that feel the illimitable dark
I walk, untouched, untouching; every face
Is senseless as a mask, save when I cry
'O little children turn away your eyes.'—
This for the day; but when the hush is spread
Wherein Thou givest Thy belovèd sleep,
I call Thee to my witness—though I sin,
I suffer: I confess, do all we can
Thou art not mocked, nor dost Thou mock at us.
Who laughs to scorn the anger of a babe?
Or who despises infants, if they play
At building houses? so we storm and toil,

And squander all our passion and our thought,
And Thou regardest not; for on us lies
The weight of everlasting nothingness.
War with the angels; neither war nor peace
With us, who flutter willing to our doom,
And need no sword to drive from Paradise.
See, I believe more fully than the Saint
Who trod the waters in the might of love.
See, I believe, and own him for the fool
Who saith 'there is no God', and therefore sins.
Believe—what profit in it? I have loved:—
Ay, once I strained and stretched thro' haze of doubt,
If haply I might catch with passionate hand
The garment-hem of Thee: I half believed,
But wholly loved; once (Thou rememberest) prayed,
'I love Thee, love Thee; only give me light,
And I will follow Thee where'er Thou goest.'
'I will' I said and knew not; now I know
And will not, cannot will. . . .
. . . . . .
What? Is a way cleft thro' the stony floors,
And dost Thou stand Thyself above the stair,
In Thine old sweetness and benignity,
Spreading Thy wounded hands, and saying 'Son,
Thou sinnest, I have suffered. Mount and see
The fulness of my Passion: though these steps

Be hard to flesh and blood, remember this,
That along all intolerable paths
The benediction of my feet hath passed. . .
. . . . . .'

To gentleness so inexpressible,
To love so far beyond imagining
I answer not; but in my soul fill up
The faint conception of the artist monk,
Who soared with Paul into the seventh heaven,
But could not paint the anger of the Lamb.
I seem to lie for ever in some porch, [dirge,
While down the nave there creeps the awful
And writhes about the pillars—whispering
The uttermost extremity of man:
Till the low music ceases; and a scream
Breaks shuddering from the choïr, 'Let me not
Be burnt in fires undying.' * * *
* * * . . . .
* * * * * * *
And some are there unscathed of flame or sword,
Yet on their brows the seal of suffering,
And in their hands the rose of martyrdom,
(Have pity upon me, ye that were my friends)
With arms about each other,—aureoles
That mingle into one triumphant star;
A fount of wonder in their pensive eyes,
Sprung from the thought that pain is consum-
mate—

'To him that overcometh'—half forgotten
The victory, so long the battle was,
Begun when manhood was a thing to be:
Not as they send the boyish sailor out,
A father's lingering hand amid his hair,
A mother's kisses warm upon his cheek,
And in his heart the unspoken consciousness
That though upon his grave no gentle fingers
Shall set the crocus, yet in the old home
There shall be aye a murmur of the sea,
A fair remembrance and a tender pride.
Not so for these the dawn of battle rose.

. . . . . .

* * * * * * *

. . . . . .

* * * * * * *

So one by one the knights were panoplied.
But now they enter in where never voice
Of clamorous Babylon shall vex them more,
To Syon the undivided, to the peace,
The given peace earth neither makes nor mars,
Beyond the angels, and the angels' Queen,
Beyond the avenues of saints, where rests,
Deep in the Beatifical Idea,
The sum of peace, the Human Heart of God.

* * * * * * *

Ah! whose is that red rose that only lies
Unclaimed * *

. . . . . .

Five knots of snowdrops on the garden bank
Beneath the hill—how satisfied they seem
Against the barren hedge, wherein by this
The pleasant saps and juices are astir
To work the greening snowdrops do not see.
I leaning from my window am in doubt
If summer brings a flower so loveable,
Of such a meditative restfulness
As this, with all her roses and carnations.
The morning hardly stirs their noiseless bells;
Yet could I fancy that they whispered 'Home',
For all things gentle all things beautiful
I hold, my mother, for a part of thee.

* * * * * * *

As watered grass beyond the glaring street,
As drop of evening on a fighting field,
As convent bells that chime for complin-tide
Heard in the gas-light of the theatre,
So unto me the image of a face,
A certain face that all the angels know.

* * * * * * *

Bright are the diadems of all pure loves,
But none so bright as that whereon are set
The mingled names of Father and of Mother.
Dear are true friends, and sweet is gratitude
For grateful deeds; but what the sum of all
To that perennial love we hardly thank

More than the sun for shining while 'tis day,
Or at the dusk the cheerful candlelight?

How wholly fair is all without my soul,
The evershifting lights upon the hills,
The eastern flush upon the beechen stems,
And the green network of ascending paths
Wherein again the spring shall bid us ride,
With all the blood aglow along our veins,
And every mountain be 'delectable',
And every plain a pleasant land of Beulah.

* * * * * * *

Suppose it but a fancy that it groaned,
This dear creation,—rather let it sing
In an exuberance and excess of gladness.

* * * * * * *

Suppose a kindly mother-influence . .

* * * * * * *

And sin alone a transitory fever,
For which in some mysterious Avilon
Beyond the years, some consummate Hereafter,
A fount of healing springs for all alike.

. . . * * * *

No, Love! Love! Love! Thou knowest that I cannot,
I cannot live without Thee. Yet this way—

Is there no other road to Calvary
Than the one way of sorrows? * *
* * * * * * *
I thought I lay at home and watched the glow
The ruddy fire-light cast about my bed;
Upon me undefinable the sense
Of something dreadful, till I slept and dreamed.

The Dream.

I stood amid the lights that never die,
The only stars the dawning passes by,
Beneath the whisper of the central dome
That holds and hides the mystic heart of Rome.

But in mine eyes the light of other times,
And in mine ears the sound of English chimes;
I smelled again the freshness of the morn,
The primal incense of the daisied lawn.

* * * *
* * * *
* * * I said
'And have I come so very far indeed?'

The everlasting murmur echoes 'Far
As from green earth is set the furthest star
Men have not named. A journey none retrace
Is thine, and steps the seas could not efface.'

'How cold and pitiless is the voice of Truth,'
I cried; 'Ah! who will give me my lost youth?
Ah! who restore the years the locust ate,
Hard to remember, harder to forget?'

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

A multitude of voices sweet and grave,
A long procession up the sounding nave.

'The Lion of the tribe of Judah, He
Has conquered, but in Wounds and Agony.
The ensign of His triumph is the Rood,
His royal robe is purple, but with Blood.

And we who follow in His Martyr-train
Have access only thro' the courts of pain.
Yet on the Via dolorosa He
Precedes us in His sweet humanity.

A Man shall be a covert from the heat,
Whereon in vain the sandy noon shall beat:
A Man shall be a perfect summer sun,
When all the western lights are paled and gone.

A Man shall be a Father, Brother, Spouse,
A land, a city and perpetual House:
A Man shall lift us to the Angels' shore:
A Man shall be our God for evermore.'

Christ, God, or rather Jesu, it is true,
True the old story of Gethsemane.
Remember then the unfathomed agony
That touched upon the caverns of despair,
Whence never diver hath regain'd the sun.—
Thou knowest, but I know not; save me then
From beating the impenetrable rock.
By that Thine hour of weakness be my Strength,
And I will follow Thee where'er Thou goest.

44

A SONG OF EIGHTEEN

STRAIN them, O winds, the sails of the years,
Outspread on the mystic sea;
Faster and faster, for laughter or tears,
  O bear my story to me!
Waft it, O Love, on thy purple wings,
  The dawn is breaking to pass:
Strike it, O Life, from thy deeper strings,
  And drown the music that was.

  Yet lovely the tremulous haze
That curtained the dreamful afar,
Thro' the which some face, like a star,
Would lighten, too sudden for praise.
And white were our loves on their way
As morn on the hills of the south;
The kisses that rounded their mouth
As fresh as the grasses in May.
They passed; but the silvery pain
Of our tears was easily told,—
For the day but an hour was old,
At noon we should meet them again.

Weary am I of ideal and of mist,
  The shroud of life that is dead;—
And, as the passionate sculptor who kissed
  The lips of marble to red,
Ask I a breath that is part of my own,
  Yet drawn from a soul more sweet;—
Or, as the shaft that upsoareth alone
  Undiademed, incomplete,
Claim I the glory predestined to me
  In the Mother Builder's will,
Portion and place in the Temple to be
  Till the age her times fulfil.

45

LAST WORDS

From the Italian

I, LIVING, drew thee from the vale
Parnassus' height to climb with me.
I, dying, bid thee turn, and scale
Alone the hill of Calvary.

46

A SONG

THE world is young today:
Forget the gods are old,
Forget the years of gold
When all the months were May.

A little flower of Love
Is ours, without a root,
Without the end of fruit,
Yet—take the scent thereof.

There may be hope above,
There may be rest beneath;
We see them not, but Death
Is palpable—and Love.

47

ENOUGH

WHEN all my words were said,
When all my songs were sung,
I thought to pass among
The unforgotten dead,

A Queen of ruth to reign
With her, who gathereth tears
From all the lands and years,
The Lesbian maid of pain;

That lovers, when they wove,
The double myrtle-wreath,
Should sigh with mingled breath
Beneath the wings of Love:

'How piteous were her wrongs,
Her words were falling dew,
All pleasant verse she knew,
But not the Song of songs.'

Yet now, O Love, that you
Have kissed my forehead, I
Have sung indeed, can die,
And be forgotten too.

48

O, a moon face
In a shadowy place.

LEAN over me—ah so,—let fall
About my face and neck the shroud
That thrills me as a thunder-cloud
Full of strange lights, electrical.

Sweet moon, with pain and passion wan,
Rain from thy loneliness of light
The primal kisses of the night
Upon a new Endymion;

The boy who, wrapped from moil and moan,
With cheeks for ever round and fair,
Is dreaming of the nights that were
When lips immortal touched his own.

I marked an old man yesterday,
His body many-fingered grief
Distorted as a frozen leaf;
He fell, and cursed the rosy way.

O better than a century
Of heavy years that trail the feet,
More full of being, more complete
A stroke of time with youth and thee.

49

HE WOULD HAVE HIS LADY SING

SING me the men ere this
Who, to the gate that is
A cloven pearl uprapt,
The big white bars between
With dying eyes have seen
The sea of jasper, lapt
About with crystal sheen;

And all the far pleasance
Where linkèd Angels dance,
With scarlet wings that fall
Magnifical, or spread
Most sweetly over-head,
In fashion musical,
Of cadenced lutes instead.

Sing me the town they saw
Withouten fleck or flaw,

Aflame, more fine than glass
Of fair Abbayes the boast,
More glad than wax of cost
Doth make at Candlemas
The Lifting of the Host:

Where many Knights and Dames,
With new and wondrous names,
One great Laudaté Psalm
Go singing down the street;—
Tis peace upon their feet,
In hand 'tis pilgrim palm
Of Goddes Land so sweet:—

Where Mother Mary walks
In silver lily stalks,
Star-tirèd, moon-bedight;
Where Cecily is seen,
With Dorothy in green,
And Magdalen all white,
The maidens of the Queen.

Sing on—the Steps untrod,
The Temple that is God,
Where incense doth ascend,
Where mount the cries and tears
Of all the dolorous years,
With moan that ladies send
Of durance and sore fears:—

And Him who sitteth there,
The Christ of purple hair,
And great eyes deep with ruth,
Who is of all things fair
That shall be, or that were,
The sum, and very truth.
Then add a little prayer,

That since all these be so,
Our Liege, who doth us know,
Would fend from Sathanas,
And bring us, of His grace,
To that His joyous place:
So we the Doom may pass,
And see Him in the Face.

50

CORE

WHERE in dawnward Sicily
Gentle rivers wed the sea,
Bitter life was given me.

Gods that are most desolate
For their loveliness and state
Being made the mock of fate,

Mingling wine with ruddy fire
And the passion of the lyre,
Filled my veins with all desire.

Twain the robes they fashioned me,
Dainty, delicate to see,
Girt about with mockery:

Dowers twain for me they planned,
Holding in their other hand
All my times, an hour's sand;—

Love, the mystic rose of life,
Grafted with a sanguine knife
On the thorns of sin and strife;

Poetry, the hand that wrings
(Bruised albeit at the strings)
Music from the soul of things.

But to either gift a mate
Added they in subtle hate—
This the trick they learned of Fate;-

Shame, to draw the tender blood
From the palm of maidenhood,
Leaving it a yellow rod;

Weariness of all that is,
Tired sorrow, tired bliss,—
Nothing is more sore than this.

Therefore turn thy eyes on me,
O Thou Praise of Sicily,
Honey-sweet Persephone,

Who, beyond all ban and bale,
With supreme compassion pale,
Spreadest quiet for a veil.

In the soft Catanian hills,
Gleaming by the gleaming rills
Yet are blown thy daffodils;

See, I bear them as is meet,
Lay them on thy pallid feet,
Where in marble thou art sweet.

Hear the story of my wrong,
Thou to whom all perished song
And departed loves belong.

Even as the maiden grass,
Recreating all that pass,
Mine exceeding beauty was.

Men, who heard me singing, said
'Bays are heavy on thy head;
'Take a myrtle leaf instead'.

'How shall Erôs' call be still'—
Ever answered I—'until
'Anterôs the song fulfil?'

Once at vesper-tide I sat
In a bower of pomegranate,
Where it was my use to wait,

Till the hour of phantasies
Bade my soul's desire arise
Veiled, against the blinded skies:

But unveiled he came to me,
With the passion of the sea,
That night, by the scarlet tree.

Lightly from the boat he leapt;
Snowy surge the shingle swept;
Whiter were his feet that stepped

Up the jewelled beach;—and on
As a pillared flame he shone,
Clear, and glad to look upon.

Was he one whom years alloy,
Or the god of ageless joy,
Dionysos, or a boy?

Never was such hair, I wist,
Lighted as a water-mist,
In the noons of amethyst;—

Eyes, of colour only seen
Where the far waves' palest green
Faints into the azure sheen.

There his eyes were full on me
With the passion of the sea,
That night, by the scarlet tree.

'Lily of the amber west,
'Whither over ocean's breast
'Suns and heroes drop to rest,

'From the morning lands I come,
'Laughing through the laughing foam,
'Seeking Love in Vesper's home.

'Sudden as the falling star,
'Wingèd as the victor car,
'Nears the doom to blight and mar.

'Full desire, and faint delight,
'Words that leap, and lips that bite
'With the panther lithe and light,—

'These—while blushes bud and blow,
'While life's purple torrents flow—
'If we know not, shall we know?

'Are they hid beyond the hours?
'Shall they feed on lotus-flowers?
'Warm us in the sunless bowers?

'Thou art beautiful, and I
'Beautiful; I know not why,
'Save to love before we die.'

But a day—a year is sped
Since these words were sung or said,
Since he loved me—he is dead.

51

FAR above the shaken trees,
In the pale blue palaces,
Laugh the high gods at their ease:
We with tossèd incense woo them,
We with all abasement sue them,
But shall never climb unto them,
Nor see their faces.

Sweet my sister, Queen of Hades,
Where the quiet and the shade is,
Of the cruel deathless ladies
Thou art pitiful alone.
Unto thee I make my moan,
Who the ways of earth hast known
And her green places.

Feed me with thy lotus-flowers,
Lay me in thy sunless bowers,
Whither shall the heavy hours
Never trail their hated feet,
Making bitter all things sweet;
Nevermore shall creep to meet
The perished dead.

There mid shades innumerable,
There in meads of asphodel,
Sleeping ever, sleeping well,
They who toiled and who aspired,
They, the lovely and desired,
With the nations of the tired
Have made their bed.

There is neither fast nor feast,
None is greatest, none is least;
Times and orders all have ceased.
There the bay-leaf is not seen;
Clean is foul and foul is clean;
Shame and glory, these have been
But shall not be.

When we pass away in fire,
What is found beyond the pyre?
Sleep, the end of all desire.
Lo, for this the heroes fought;
This the gem the merchant bought,
This the seal of laboured thought
And subtilty.

52

* * * * * * *

UNTO the central height of purple Rome,—
The crown of martyrdom,
Set as a heart within the passionate plain
Of triumph and of pain,
Where common roses in their blow and bud
Speak empire and show blood—
From colourless flowers and from breasts that burn,
Mother! to thee we turn.
The phantom light before thee flees and faints,
O City of the Saints!
In whom, with palms and wounds, there tarrieth
The unconquerable faith;
Where, as on Carmel, our Elijah stands
Above the faithless lands;
But conscious of earth's evening, not of them,
Lifts toward Jerusalem,
Where is the altar of High Sacrifice,
His full prophetic eyes. . . .

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53

METHOUGHT, through many years and lands,
I sped along an arrowy flood,
That leapt and lapt my face and hands,
I knew not were it fire or blood.

I saw no sun in any place;
A ghastly glow about me spread,
Unlike the light of nights and days,
From out the depth where writhe the dead.

I passed—their fleshless arms uprose
To draw me to the depths beneath:
My eyes forgot the power to close,
As other men's, in sleep or death.

I saw the end of every sin;
I weighed the profit and the cost;
I felt Eternity begin,
And all the ages of the lost.

The Crucifix was on my breast;
  I pressed the nails against my side;
And unto Him, Who knew no rest
  For thirty years, I turned and cried:

Sweet Lord! I say not, give me ease;
  Do what Thou wilt, Thou doest good;
And all Thy saints went up to peace,
  In crowns of fire or robes of blood.'

Oxford: Horace Hart
Printer to the University